

**caliber**

**COMPOSITION BOOK**

*The Complications of  
Being-in-Environ*

*Book Three*

*Winter / Spring 2012*

**3 Subject**

**Wide Ruled**

**120 Sheets**

**9.75 in x 7.5 in**  
(24.7 x 19 cm)



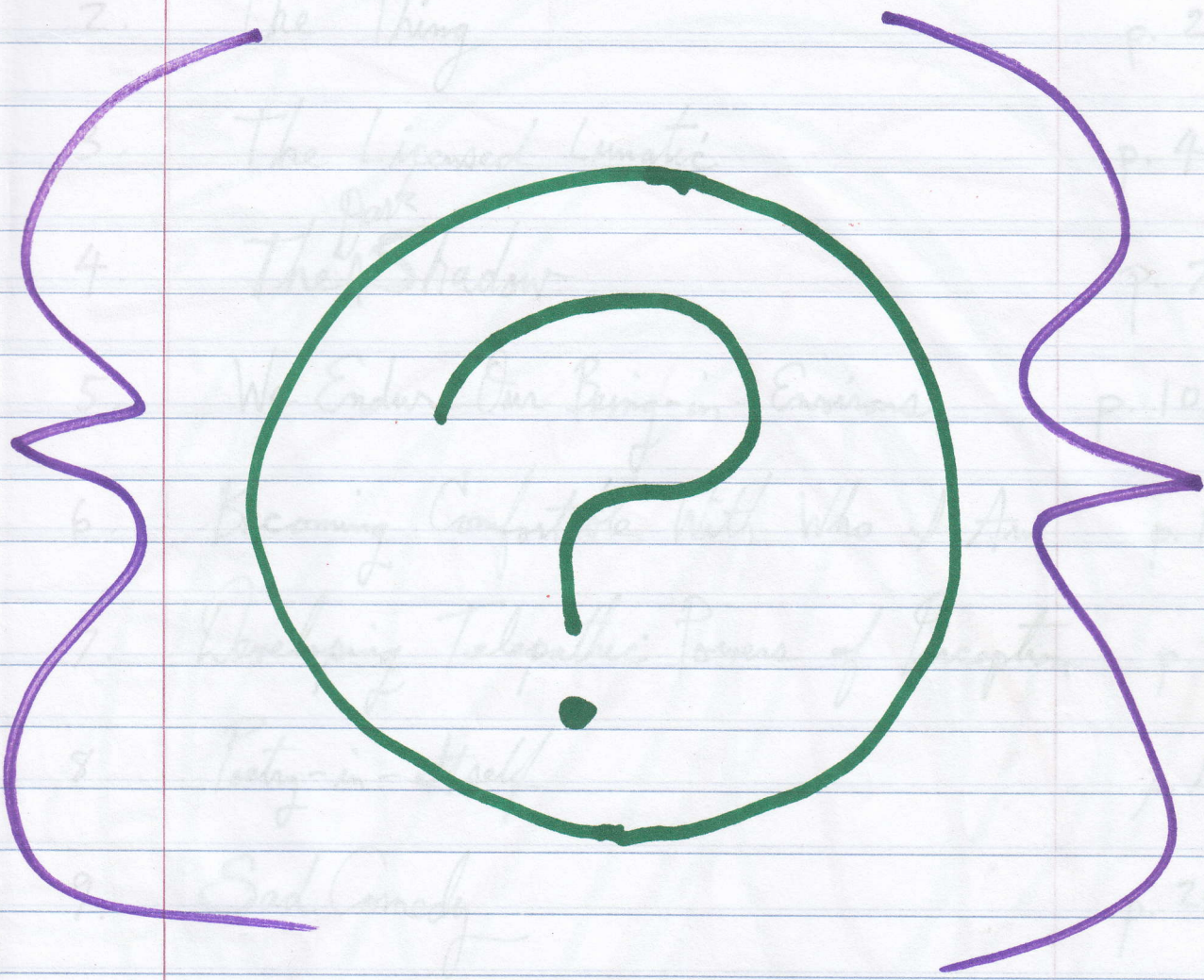
# The Complications of Being-in-Environments

## Book Three

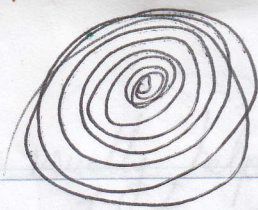
2012 : Winter / Spring



# Contents

1. The Anti-Christ, ~~1887~~ p. 1
  2. The Thing p. 27
  3. The Licensed Lunatic p. 49
  4. The <sup>Dark</sup> Shadow p. 73
  5. We Enter Our Being in Enquiries p. 101
  6. Becoming Comfortable With Who I Am p. 124
  7. Looking Telepathic Powers of Perception p. 155
  8. Testing in a World p. 179
  9. Sad Comedy p. 203
- 





15 February 2012

3

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(7:50 AM) Am I already dead?

Philosophy is the preparation for death.

Will I be in the middle of some book the day I die?

Most likely. Isn't it uncanny that (Little) Lorraine Day remarked how the St Peter's lunch was like PRISON?

"This is just like prison..."

The difference is that I was "free" to do a little janitorial work for Henderson (Ed Junior) which enabled me to start drinking around 2 PM...

I passed out... then woke up around 8:30 PM thinking it was the morning.

I called my nephew Frank then went out for 3 quarts of Natural Ice which are still in the refrigerators. I don't even feel like drinking

them right now. Maybe later, after the library or... Is life worth living? No. How to get through a life not worth living? Is any life worth living?



Σ



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The Complications of Being... a drunk...  
a drunken madman... my head hurts... I  
knocked the back of my head on the radiator...  
So, do I sip the remaining brandy or drink  
coffee? Sip brandy. First I had to pick  
out a baby cockroach from the jar the  
brandy is in. It seems to have drunk itself  
to death <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ drowned. Humor helps one  
get through a life not worth living.

~~Bite~~ A hair of the dog that bit me.  
With only 56 pages left to read of Eco's novel,  
I may be able to finish it today even while  
drinking the beer. Is this literature?

Biological hoax. At least I haven't replicated.  
My sister gets migraines. I give myself headaches  
with alcohol.



I want to write some kind of response in the ABOLISH CAPITALISM NOW thread. I will attempt to analyze the ELEMENTS of RESISTANCE so that we might find a strategy (or strategies) for resistance.

A united front can be maintained in spite of serious cultural and ideological differences. What are the elements of the "set" Resistance?

- ethnic minorities brutalized and terrorized by urban police thugs and herded into the prison-industrial complex
- youth → ~~both~~ rebellious middle class youth drawn to resistance activity as a result of idealism, restlessness, and the expanding attacks on youth by the state
- rural and small town militiamen
- persons of all walks of life fed up with business as usual.



Resistance is emerging from four basic groups:

1. youth both working class youth as well as privileged class youth, attracted to radical politics
2. traditional working class people from the sparsely populated areas of the United States.
3. the urban poor & minorities
4. outlaw elements (the LUMPENPROLETARIAT)  
gang members, ex-convicts, prison inmates, various drug cultures, the homeless and other "street populations"

All four groups share common enemies:  
socio-economic elites, police force, corporate elites

The primary differences are cultural. The lumpen elements from the lowest rungs of the socio-economic ladder are viewed with suspicion and mistrust even by other disenfranchised sectors of the Resistance. Each element must "Resist" on its own turf.



Those middle-class managers ~~we~~ we refer to as The Zoo-keepers would ~~be~~ like to put me in a program to try to make me into a moron who likes television, new cars, frozen food, football stadiums, ~~and~~ and cat crap sandwiches. Psychiatry is ~~a~~ a police force policing the intellectual level of revolution. "I refuse to be brainwashed. I won't be a robot!"

"The only ~~people~~ problem most inmates in psychiatric wards have is that they don't like new cars and hair spray. That's why they are put away. They make the other members of the society fearful."

"Every asylum in this nation is filled with poor souls who simply can't stand lamolin, cellophane, plastic, television, and subdivisions."

§ §

Drinking with Harry, he told me that Lonnie assaulted 5 cops on Main Street in front of The Metropolitan Cafe which used to be Caro's Cafe. It was just after I handed him the bus tickets.



What to do on a Friday night after the meal at St. Peter's? If I had money, I would drink alcohol. I am too restless to read and I do not feel like cleaning dirty dishes in the sink. Nor do I feel like pan handling change for a beer. I could walk around town looking for money on the ground then walk to Barnes & Noble to check out the poems of Charles Baudelaire. Then I settle in for another snooze.

Tomorrow I can continue to prepare for the fumigation on Sunday. This is the kind of night I can see myself reaching for Schopenhauer's The Pessimist's Handbook.

And yet, the rain is pouring down. Why would I walk out in this foul, cold rain just to read poetry at the bookstore?

Because, by the time I make back to my domicile, I'll be better able to sleep.

Besides, I want to see what Artaud saw in Baudelaire's poems.



(11:30 PM) The Barnes & Noble was open until 11 PM. I stayed until 10:45 PM. There's not much I am drawn to: Philosophy, Poetry, Literary Studies, some "Occult", and finishing with Sociological Studies then Humor.

No technical stuff, no computing, no mathematics, no religion, no novels... so many books that nobody wants to read, so many books left unread. Kind of depressing, but not a fraction of how depressing it is to beg for beer money.

Pandelaire urges us to get drunk. Get drunk on wine, on poetry, on virtue even. I came across a book published in 2009 by Colin Wilson about "superconsciousness". Colin Wilson never liked Schopenhauer. I kind of resent Mr Wilson for being such an optimist; and yet his theories about the importance of attention do make sense. I notice that when I am engaged, focusing my mind on details, I feel some kind of delight. There was also a book on Misanthropes - people who hate mankind.



We each have to create our own philosophy of life. I refuse to let Bertrand Russell's "LOGIC" dictate what philosophy is to me. Nor will I allow Colin Wilson to demonize Schopenhauer. Some people really do judge him harshly for his vocal opinions about Hegel.

I trust Schopenhauer, and I sense Wilson is a bit of an optimistic liar. I wonder if I am so drawn to Schopenhauer because of his HONESTY.

© 25 February 2012 Sat.

Whatever it is I do, it has some kind of "effect" on the social fabric. I keep my nose in the books, totally secure in my sexuality, tons of confidence in my identity as a THINKER, a PHILOSOPHER, an APEMAN who stands in solidarity with the downtrodden and oppressed, who is an accidental member of the LUMPEN PROLETARIAT. Who is Gorticide? Who is Broken Spirit? Who is Krazy Ghost? Who is Mission Mike? He is Angry Ape. He is  $\Xi$  Mike Hentrach  $\Xi$ , an interesting CAT if there ever was one. Axeman

Angry Axeman → Angry Axeman!



Σ43

# The Dark Shadow

© 27 February 2012 Monday

Still cockroaches. Creepy crawlers seem to be a permanent fixture of this substandard unit. No hot water from kitchen for a week. Now no hot water in bathroom either. Does the act of writing down our experience of reality in the details of our environs help us to process the frustration anxiety built into the fibers of Nature itself?

Our sensibilities may not be pleasant to experience! It is only data! Don't take the data personally. We ought not allow our wishes blind us to the raw data of our lived experience. Basically, it is what it is.



This is why I encourage writing a journal as a way of life, as a life project. It is something to literally treasure.

We live lives. We endure our character development. The kind of laughter induced by philosophical insight brings about a psychological experience which releases tension on the brain - this physical experience is the source of the spontaneous sound/shutter our bodies emit when in the throes of a chuckle.

This is why I especially appreciate the little context the girls who run the library engage in to pass their time in servitude. I'm the Karl Marx of Freehold, for Christ's sake. The result of years of intense introspection and ambivalent exploration of environs, including the diverse range of individuals in the socio-economic wastelands of the machine age. Life is still very much a personal drama, for all of animal life. We are intersubjective life-worlds, walking multiplicities interpreting the fabric



of our brains' & impressions, including  
our emotions, our intuitions,  
and our empathies in the sacred  
privacy of our "inner being".

Some of us are "deep."

Writing helps us go deeper, deeper, deeper,  
deeper & still. Radiate this inner  
depth in our natural movements to  
the point where our "masculine",  
our "life's work" is best expressed  
in our daily lives.

I live, & the life of the  
tortured artist. I am the Nothing  
Man. Angry Apeman is The Nothing Man.  
VOIDMAN! Not spiderman, I,  
zeroman? nothingman?  
{Nothingman} What is in a  
name?

We are dynamic multiplicity.  
We are the Void. Could my  
id be The Void? Ward of the  
State? Void of the State, ~~like~~  
as in Enemy of the State?

The Void? Null & Void?  
And yet I am feeling myself being felt.



2012.03.08

What I remember when in the grip of anxiety is, that all human lives are filled with such anxiety, worry, fatigue, frustration, and anguish.

I don't know where else to live that would be better than Freehold. No more living in the Asbury Park area. No Bradley Beach... No Matawan.

It's a depressing world, Monmouth and Ocean Counties, I put wasn't it just as depressing out West in the Seattle area? There is no purpose to our suffering.

One of these months, I may just end it all. Will it be at the end of the month or when the tobacco runs out or will it be after an erection while homeless?

How to get through life in general?  
Nothing need be done. Life is what it is. There are no tricks one can use to make LIFE/REALITY other than it is.



7/11  
 $\emptyset$   
I like to be "spaced out" like a hippie intellectual chimpanzee.

Some of us, more than others, accrue more enemies. Just by standing our ground and staying in your own personal balance can make people angry at you.

It is comical. Haters hate.

You can be attacked just because you are BREATHING.

Even though my knee is injured and I must focus my concentration on walking, this seems to charge my animal body up for breathing for the complications of Being-in-Enviros.

Pain is the environs of our Thingly Presence.  $\Xi \emptyset, \Xi \emptyset \Xi \Xi$  is some kind of Mystical Mathematics.

$\emptyset$  is The Void,  $\emptyset \rightarrow \Xi \Xi$

I want to be a cool old punk rocker...



## BECOMING COMFORTABLE WITH WHO-I-AM

---

Who am I? What am I? A dead beat?  
In a sense, yes, I am a dead beat; but  
this is not necessarily a bad thing.

People like to discredit us with such  
labels as "drunk", "piece of shit", and  
all these other hateful & petty derogatory  
categories people use to demean us,  
to rob us of our DIGNITY,  
to dehumanize us, to destroy us.

Even if I only focus a little attention on  
literating or my own IDEAS, it is  
not the QUANTITY of my meditations  
and cogitations, but their QUALITY.

Wouldn't it reverse the entire ~~effects~~  
intended effects of the hostility directed  
at me were I be able to see  
the source of the hostility is a  
jealousy of my CONFIDENCE ... in  
my mental faculties and even my SEXUALITY?  
(?)



Yes, so the audacity I display in simply being comfortable with my own Being - in - Environments, my Personal Balance, is enough to make others angry at me, those who would like to see me depressed and suicidal. FUCKERS.

Ø

The best revenge is to live well. The vegetable summer sauce goes so well with frozen vegetables, rice, spices, onions, and garlic that I can rejoice there was no free lunch at St. Peter's today. Dignity. Nutritious food I prepare myself. Plenty of rice, plenty of vegetables!

Basically I am making my own "Chinese Food" - Vegetarian style. This gives me confidence in my ability to care for myself. Nutritious produce can lift our spirits! Good food gives me strength, courage, and confidence. Such realizations take a lifetime to fully appreciate.

-AM

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I don't like to depend on the approval of others. So the landlord does not approve of my unruly behavior. This is why I would not get on an airplane again. The gerts have zero tolerance for any of society who dares to protest against their idiotic norms.

I am relieved that my knee is healing, but I still don't know what to do with the ottoman I dragged home. It could change my life if I were able to get it into the back room. It would get me off the floor and could come in handy were a woman to want to engage in coitus with me. Can I persuade the legs to get it through the doors?

It won't be easy, and may not even be possible, but it would be perfect. I could even set it up in the "den", although this would be less private.

Ø  
I can walk outdoors, reflecting on what interests me. I no longer can allow myself to be intimidated by her.



751  
Ø  
Most likely I will eat dinner at St Peters tonight,  
afterwards I hope to enjoy an evening alone  
drinking some beer, & smoking a joint,  
reading & a little about "writing poems",  
and I maybe even beginning to write poetry  
again. More INCANTATIONS?  
A new volume of verse? Volumes of the  
HEX?

It's OK to be a little depressed.  
I guess I have been naive thinking I would  
be accepted by all elements of mass-  
society's lumpenproletariat just because I  
am "outside" mainstream society and  
attracted to ~~main~~ radical politics.

If I have to just read a book or scribble  
while at the pool, rather than socialize  
or risk confrontations with drunkards  
wanting to unleash abuse on me, then  
this I can do. Why pretend anymore  
to be concerned with being liked by  
everyone? I do like & most all  
people I meet at soup kitchens, but I  
do sense some may suspect my mental isolation is starting  
TO GET TO ME.



The beer seems to be having a depressing effect on me, but I am going to be open to my true feelings. I want to expand the boundaries of poetry by stating my own desires in my own terms.

How do I express my darkest, fiercest, most disturbing conclusions about human society? Wain't the novel Journey to the End of the Night so powerful precisely because the author points out the details of this swamp of misery? The petty fights, the acrimony, the malice, and ill-will in most people.

I isolate from hangers-on tonight because I have to defend my territory, from being invaded, overtaken, jarred.

I don't run a flop-house here.

This is my reality and has been my reality for many years. Now there is no doubt in my mind. I have seen enough of other people to expect anything other than an oppressive influence on my life-world from their presence. Let's face reality!



181  
Alone. I stand alone. This is my reality.  
If, how I want to spend my Friday evening is  
alone trying to learn about writing better  
poetry, I then this is what I will do,  
even if it means I have to stand my  
ground with my "street buddies".

If a deep mood is coming over me,  
I may be on the verge of brooding.  
If I am to hang with anyone, I ought  
we not share interests?

Remember how Fred used to say "Misery loves  
Company"? If I am miserable,  
agitated, rattled, I really don't  
want any company to witness me in  
this state. I prefer privacy.  
I prefer to hide.

Maybe my audience ought to be all those who  
also hide, who also long for  
privacy, anonymity, refuge, sanctuary,  
soft asylum. I present when others  
impose their wretched, abrasive, abusive  
personalities on me. It is best to not depend  
on others for emotionally rewarding encounters.



What mysterious forces were at work  
 Leaving the half-smoked joint  
 Behind the toilet seat  
 On the edge, just centimeters  
 Away from being flushed  
 Down into the toxic sludge?

Whatever it is  
 Right on time  
 My Muse?  
 My inspiration?

What is this presence  
 That seems to peer  
 Out from behind my eyes?

This, what the ancients call soul  
 This, the imagination  
 This, the psyche  
 This, The Spirit World

What is the Source of Thought?  
 What is that which expresses itself,  
 Articulates itself?



Ø

I don't want to limit my writing to "prose" or "verse". There has to be a third thing outside both or a combination

I do believe that by living among the people of Dountown Freehold, I may either prove my authenticity or incite an internal battle of wills as to how to "handle" my mere Presence.

The same way I processed my lived experience in jailhouses is similar to what I do now: notebooks (same as Schopenhauer did); literature (mostly philosophy/theory); but with the bonus of freedom to walk, privacy - enough to even soak in bath tub wolfing down Frosted Flakes & FruitLoops if you don't mind.

Ø

This Karen is so beautiful that there must be many men willing to kill for her or even to deny me of her. I will be careful. My extreme ectomorphic frame



invites jeers & ridicule, but I believe my physical body to be very and quite strong for its weight. Still, I am aware of how easily I can be jumped, gang-ed up on, bum-rushed, jailhoused, victimized by violence & brutality; to hide in my domicile/quarters alone is as good as it gets for hiding from trouble.

It's a shame to have to pretend one is asleep, so there has to be a way to open door saying NO WAY JOSE!

Does it sound like I am "spoiled" if I were to say, "I'm territorial and do not like to have to consider the will of another while moving about my quarters eating food, pacing, etc."

I am tired of hangers on who do not consider what is best for me: undisturbed solitude/pleasure to rest. I treasure my solitude & privacy to the point it is worth becoming a grouchy putcase and have no intruders than hangers on who do not respect your PRIVACY. FUCK  
BULL  
SHIT.





10 March 2012 Saturday

Maybe what I mean by self-love is really just compassion for life. Self-observation and introspection make me aware of my organic fatigue, and so I take care with myself. I remain loyal to my self.

What is this phenomenon known as personality? What is the meaning of being alive when bombs blow civilians to bits? Nuclear bombs alter the meaning of life. The rich industrialists who want to keep their hold on power want most of humanity to die off in war. Mass starvation is a consequence of human greed.

How can we allow ourselves to be "represented" by materialistic gorts ? !!?

What makes the gorts so dangerous? Look what the masses consume. It's enough to drive a genius insane, attacked from all sides by a confederacy of dunces. They think they neutralize us with their derogatory labels. What is EMO anyway?



Perhaps what the gorts call EMO is the type of introverted sensitive Being who shall be my "audience." I let me reach out to those who long for some kind of transcendental experience.

The only cure for alcoholism is some kind of mysticism? We chart an inner landscape of "complexes" which operate on "unconscious" levels. These complexes are what our ancestors called "demons". This unconscious landscape is what our ancestors called "The Spirit World".

Unconscious motivations rooted in FEAR, fear of annihilation. Fear of being universally condemned by society and sent into the Gulags to exist as a Zek of the 21st century. We are all potential zeks, potential jailbirds, inmates. We are wards of the State!

The Zoo-keepers are the enforcers and those who manage our cases. I am one who is considered broken, damaged, incurable, useless, and a potential source of insurrection.



My compassion for my own inner Being is  
extended outward to all life in the  
Web of Reality. Must we once again  
invoke magic? Is poetry a relic of  
"magic spells"?

Is that why Candy was afraid to read my  
poem? She feared it would cast a  
spell on her.

What we choose to focus on... "avante" implies  
outside the realm of popular taste.

One station plays stupid fake hip-hop about a  
dummy "house party" while XPN 88.5  
(the station I listened to while imprisoned  
in Wharton Tract in 1988) plays a cello.  
She is awesome!

I feel reform. My "heart"/"brain"  
"emotional system" is charged!  
The real thing! Magic!

Zofie Keating Looping cellos. One cello.  
Uses Computer for LIMIT



0 = ∞



145

How very prophetic.

CBA ignoring me all these years is an honor to me - for I am the 0 that they call zero. I am the authentic hero, the character in Dostoevsky's novels. And yet, then my friends, what does that make the villagers?

What was Mark Twain pointing out with Billings? The villagers. I beat him down, threw cabbage at him, threw him in a ditch to die. He was the greatest writer of all eras. His wife was ashamed of him. She burnt all his notebooks that were stored in a large chest. Am I Billings? And yet I have no wife.

Does my sister represent some kind of villain? And yet, decades ago she had a vision that I became a posthumous legendary character from my sincere gut-wrenching, often poetic, MYSTERIOUS SCRIBBLINGS.

My diaries made me the writer I am today. Sounds quaint or cliché. Writers I write. Unproductive years could turn out to be the most creative.



"I hate and renounce as a coward every being who does not recognize that life is given him only to recreate and reconstitute his entire body and organism."

And another part of this poem, a stanza shortly after this, Artaud seems to articulate a phenomenological perspective, where the Cartesian division of mind and body is called out as a fallacy:

"I hate and renounce as a coward every being who separates what he calls his body from what he calls his consciousness or thought."

It is the cowardice of the mob which I challenge with my living animal body and its daily life, which is inseparable from its consciousness or thought. Does this tie into NOETICS? Poetic Noetics?

While carrying Artaud Anthology with me was quite a spontaneous act, perhaps due to the powerful "geometry and spirituality" of my head gear mixed with cold air and warm sunshine, along with coffee & tobacco, his thought is really grabbing my attention in a powerful way.



"I hate and renounce as a coward every being that does not agree that life is given him only to separate himself from the masses."

The masses are gots, dupes, suckers, fools, miserable materialists competing for status symbols in a civilization constructed & energized via powerful ILLUSIONS enforced by a systemic operation which satanically sucks life-energy-time-body-attention from beings in order to perpetuate itself, in order to enslave more beings for its fuel.

We are Natural Alternative Energy. We are it. How are we using our own energies? How do the masses subject their will to the oppressor? How are the masses made to love their oppressor? Does the monotheistic deity, the father god of the Abrahamic triad, YHWH, have something to do with patriarchal systemic organized colonization and the maintenance of populations where the multitudes are modern day SLAVES? What does God have to do with State Power and the politics of enslavement?



£73

155

# Developing Telepathic Powers of PERCEPTION

I was able to "find my mojo" without marijuana,  
without alcohol, without any money whatsoever.  
a little coffee, Tobacco-as-Sacred Herb, old clothes  
which reflect the grandeur of my Being-to-the-Social  
Fabric, a small backpack with texts (holy-to-me)  
and this notebook. Sitting in the sunbeams in "The Temple  
of the Tree" behind Freehold Station, I find my  
mojo while witnessing my entire Animal Body &  
Organism-as-whole-in-Environment RECONSTITUTE.

Thought and Beastly Flesh are One. My worship  
of "the Sun" seems quite effective here in Freehold,  
New Jersey at 3PM on the 10th of March. Now I remove  
Holy Hat for a  
SMOKE.



# PERCEPTION



To not want for anything while not becoming bored may be the most desirable "state of consciousness" that is possible. Conversation, tobacco, coffee -

As good as it gets? Even more to the core: tobacco, coffee, and "in conversation with the inner being of Nature itself," i.e., in "meditation".

This "personal balance" is attainable via the conscious detachment from the mass-mind-society through active scorn of its wealth-warped values as well as its idiotic norms. The best revenge is to live well, and by "living well," I certainly do mean by "kicking in the TV, ditching the job & automobile, eating much vegetables, rice, black-eyed peas, black beans, etc."



By "living well" I mean allowing myself to heal when injured, rest when exhausted, feed when weak and hungry, bathe when in need of "soft asylum" and the sanctuary of physical solitude.

This one poem of Artaud's is quite powerful, indeed. I wonder if digesting a poem (a "magic spell") into one's "psychic landscape" can trigger spontaneous telepathic communications and perceptions.

"I hate and renounce as a coward every being that does not agree that the consciousness of having been born is a search and a study superior to that of living in society."

So, while I commune with the "laborers" and have conversations with the people I encounter while walking around all day, I generally live on the fringes of this modern society, as a scavenger, & parasite, as an informal counselor, philosopher, thinker, joker, jester, Prophet of Doom. When this society pisses on me, I PISS BACK.



I can't pretend not to be feeling some despair.  
There seems to be no purpose to Being alive.  
My mother most likely is what keeps my  
will-to-live going. Am I being suicided  
by society? I

If there is no audience for my poetry or  
philosophical musings, why do I bother  
to write? Why not just allow  
nonverbal thoughts and emotions and moods  
flow freely without trying to articulate,  
verbalize, express, I communicate?

I am writing to YOU, my SELF  
you - the inner Being of Nature  
within me. I care I deeply for  
you, and I have witnessed your trials,  
tribulations, and transformations.

I may be a leader of a Tribe of One.  
Maybe I will prepare chicken soup later  
tonight, not merely so as to stay  
alive, but to lift my spirits, I to  
rescue me from this growing anomie -  
(collapse of social stability, alienation resulting in unsocial  
behavior).



~~anti meaninglessness~~

An Empty Concept

Along

Without the Body

The I is

An Empty Concept

The Truth is

Not in History

History is

The Opposite of Nature

The Drama of Truth

Occurs in Our Hearts

In Our Pain and Ecstasy

In Our Doubts and Intuitions

In Our Private Anguish and Despair

Reason seems impotent

When confronted by with

The Depths of Existence

The Hegelian Philosophy of History is  
MEANINGLESS !

Worse yet,

It is cruel and coercive

Nothingman

"Peter Pan" →

→

Apeman →

Axeman →

→

tonight:



Heidegger viewed reason as  
An Obstacle to Thinking

"The cultivation of the mind  
is not the only  
important thing in life,"  
Says Camus

"Of more consequence  
is the development  
and maturity of personality."

Personality is  
The Life-Carrier

Ø

(4:15 PM) It would make no sense to rush to the library only to get there when the Internet access shut down. So, I might as well take it easy and play it COOL. Danny from Henderson's Service Station requested I come through to do a beer run at 5:30 PM. Now, he usually gives \$10 for a \$6.15 six-pack of Budweiser. He gives me \$3.85! That's almost what I earn cleaning restrooms!

Nothingman  
→  
"Peter Pan"  
→  
Sticks & Bones of Jungland  
→  
Apeman  
→  
Axeman

Library

open

tonight:

7-9pm



Hasn't my return to Freehold been kind of fun?  
At least I was able to bond a little  
with the people. The prophet in his  
hometown 2011/2012. There has to  
be a better library, a better soup kitchen,  
a better food bank. Downtown Freehold  
(Latin) is a hub for migrations from Mexico and  
South America; and, while I have been  
well received by the latino community, there  
really is no place for me here.

Where is there a place for me?  
Ft. Pleasant would be closer to my mother.  
Maybe I ought to consider a place  
that would be ~~so~~ more  
suitable for my mother should she face  
economic meltdown.

My mother will be my main concern.  
I will have to keep the stereo  
down below 16/40 wherever I go.  
This unit on Marcy Street is not  
worth \$1100/month. They'll never get that  
from someone without rental assistance!



173

The unit is infested with cockroaches.  
Security deposit was one month's rent -  
\$1000. There will be the next  
security deposit to deal with.

There is nothing keeping me in Freehold  
other than Beltair Farm. I'm sick of  
the Manalapan / Marlboro / Freehold Township  
area, with all its malls, car  
dealerships, and mall-rat traffic.

I can still come into Freehold on the 3<sup>rd</sup>  
to put minutes on phone, to look at K,  
to walk on Beltair, to stop by B's. I  
don't think I will miss it much.

This morning I will review my notes in this  
notebook, and then I may go  
through previous notes. I do not  
want to be constantly harassed over my  
music and "clutter". I will be looking  
for another place to live, starting today.  
I will aim to move out as early as  
May? Maybe even June. June seems  
to be a better "MOVE MONTH" than  
April, anyway.



151  
Ø  
The awareness of existential futility may enable me to take in stride being asked to vacate Marcy Street. This futility is the reward for those washing to rid themselves of the epidemic of life and the VIRUS OF HOPE.

While sitting by Henderson's behind the garage, I remind myself of Martin Dean from ~~Red~~ Toltz's A Fraction of the Whole. I suppose I am such a character.

I like this little place, but there is too much tension between the landlord and I. When I am ordered to vacate, I will not fight it. If I were to be evicted, I would lose section 8. Then I would be homeless. Would Freehold Boro be where I would be homeless? Would I live out on Beltsare?

My strategy is to vacate before the eviction trial. I doubt I will find a unit in Freehold. Forget Matawan. Totally avoid Asbury Park, Keanburg, Bradley Beach and even Belmar. I saw Pt Pleasant. It seems to be a cool town... and it's only about 15 minutes from my Mom.



Ø  
Sensing more and more "eyes on me," I  
may I be accruing more and more enemies  
as people witness just how much animal  
magnetism radiates from my Thingy Presence.

Ø  
Now that couch-surfing my basement has  
become a survival strategy for one, I  
am less "thrilled" with living here  
on Marcy Street. It felt so great  
thinking I was in hiding until I  
heard a cough from the basement.  
I guess I am still hiding  
just NOT hiding ~~alone~~, which  
isn't exactly the same thing.

Ø  
I give up on ever being accepted by the  
ret racers. This world repulses me.  
Nor do I expect to be too respected by  
gang culture. I slept from around 6<sup>30</sup> PM  
to 10 PM. Now I wish I had  
some herb. I thought I had a little left,  
but I must have smoked it. Maybe it  
will turn up.



Even if it does turn up, it won't do much.

The only thing that seems to alleviate my anxiety in the midst of this civilization run amok is either to hide away in my domicile, preferably asleep, or to roam around in a trance-like state.

Ø  
I think it will do me well to visit my mother. I may try to secure the doors better and lock up before leaving Freehold. Perhaps the greatest delights of experience are drinking cold water, hot baths, sleeping in peace, writing ... These activities have nothing to do with others.

Why is it that going over old notes helps to relieve anxiety? Do I develop awareness of patterns? Do I learn to value what is real, what is important, as opposed to what is illusory and empty?

To reach a point where one just wants to be left alone, where one ~~is~~ no longer expects much from social encounters.



Ø

No doubt I am poised for a second, intense reading of Flannagan's The Problem of the Soul. It is one of the three books I will bring to Lakewood. Visiting my mother is also a good opportunity to regroup & focus - away from the petty tyrannizing of my everyday life in Freehold, where several ~~adult~~ individuals (and groups) are unable to disguise their ill will toward me.

Reasons for interest in Cognitive Science's take on "the soul": the issue of free will. Schopenhauer said there is no free will. Cognitive Science declares this as if making a monumental discovery.

Perhaps, along with a rereading of Badin's Being & Events, a fresh return to Schopenhauer's World as Will & Representation, Volume One will get me through this year - if I don't drop dead before the year is over. What about Thoreau's Walden?

Phenomenology of Perception? SUMMER READING 2012  
And Husserl's BASIC WRITINGS? AUTUMN/WINTER, along with Badin & Schopenhauer.





22 March 2012 Thursday

Once again my mother & I prove to be a great team. Although we tend to lose patience with this world's and each other's quirks sometimes, we have become so close over this lifetime, that I suspect we have nurtured something fiercely powerful, authentic, and VALUABLE. Perhaps this is where I am most profoundly dissimilar from Arthur Schopenhauer who did not speak to his own mother the last 25 years of his life.

Not everyone has patience with my mother. I have a tremendous amount of patience with her, and my affection for her is apparent. Even though I have patience for her, with her, I still want to develop even more patience for her. In turn, my mother validates me as an entity, praising me for my "generosity with my feelings."

I helped her with her grocery shopping on Tuesday, then Wednesday she picked up a carpet cleaning machine from Home Depot.



## SAD COMEDY

I am going to lock "hangers on" out tonight, as I really need to rest in peace, to sleep, to write, to read, to sit in tub of hot water, to "warm my heart".

I cherish my solitude and my privacy. I just want to hide away. I have been experiencing some intense feelings lately - similar to the anxiety I experienced out of West. Now I want to sit in the tub. I will not answer the door while in there! This is what I choose to do: brood in isolation. How do some people target me to be taken advantage of?

Some people prey upon the kindness, hospitality, and civility of others.

I know there is love for me, but let this love be for who I am, not to turn my domicile into some hospital, flop-house, soul kitchen. I quit.



distraught [Roget's International Thesaurus 215  
3<sup>rd</sup> ed]  
mad 472.24, 29

472 covers INSANITY, MANIA

24: insane, mad, crazy, lunatic, loco,  
non compos mentis, manic, demented,  
deranged, unhinged, unbalanced, unsettled,  
shattered, brainsick, not right in the head,  
touched, touched in the head, out of one's  
mind,

29: rabid, maniacal, raving mad, wild, furious,  
violent, raging, ranting, ranting,  
frothing at the mouth, amuck, amok,  
berserk.

\*(27) possessed with a demon or devil

I feel all this and more.

Ø  
Asked about what I will be doing today, I say  
I am "Revising an old poem."

PSYCHOTIC SAGE is the title.  
Let us use Thesaurus to investigate this word  
SAGE as well as the term PSYCHOTIC.



# 1. SAGE (467.1)

467 covers "WISE MAN"

467.1 → wise man, sage, sapient, wisehead, mastermind, master spirit of the age, adept, mahatma; (real) authority, oracle, mentor, intellect, man of intellect, THINKER (The oppressor has no thinkers, no philosophers), luminary, shining light, learned man

# 2. PSYCHOTIC

(noun: 472.16,  
adj psychopathic 472.26  
nemotic 688.48)

472, related to "distracted" (insanity, mania)

472.16 → psychotic, psycho, mental, psychopath, psychopathic case, psychopathic personality, paranoiac, paranoid, schizophrenic, SCHIZO (slang), schizoid, megalomaniac, cyclothymiac, cyclothyme, cycloid, catatoniac, hebephreniac, hypochondriac, hypso, MANIC-DEPRESSIVE, kleptomaniac, klepto (slang), dipso (slang), ALCOHOLIC